



THE GREAT BRITISH NORTHWEST TERRITORY.

BY LEE MERIWETHER.

"CANADA captured? Bah! What's Canada but a few acres of snow and ice?"

So spoke Louis xv. when told of England's victory on the banks of the St. Lawrence—an utterance prompted by chagrin and mortification, yet also largely due to a very real and dense ignorance of his lost colony across the ocean. Indeed, it is a question whether a large number of people, otherwise well informed, are not as ignorant on the subject to-day as was Louis xv. in 1763.

"You are not going to Canada in that summer suit and spring overcoat?" said a friend, who knew of my intended trip, and met me on the way to the station.

"Why not?" said I. "Do you not know that, excepting mountain, lake, and sea-coast districts, summer in Canada is hotter than in New Orleans?"

My friend said that he did not know this; that many others are equally ignorant is evidenced by the number of tourists one sees in Canada provided with only

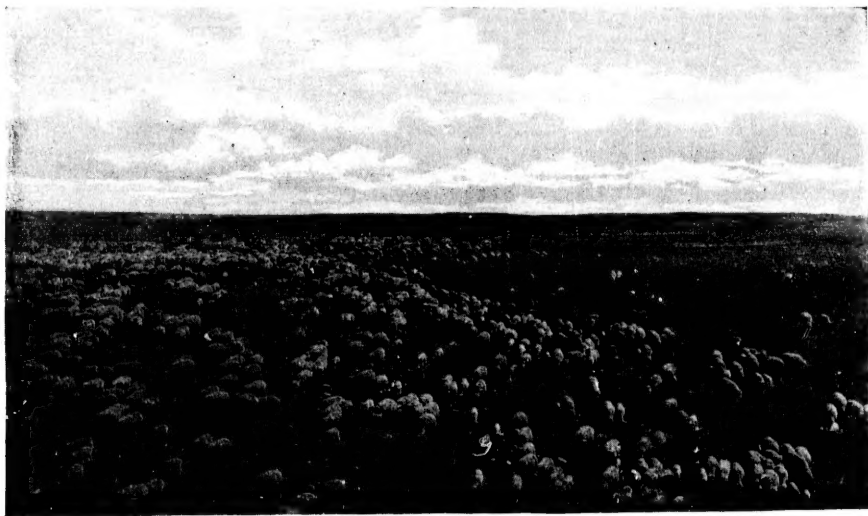
heavy clothing, and sweltering in a temperature of one hundred degrees in the shade. Only recently have our school geographies ceased to misrepresent British America by a vague white spot on the map; and even now, how many Americans, among those fairly well informed, know that were the United States laid on top of Canada, enough Canadian territory would remain uncovered to make half a dozen kingdoms the size of Belgium or Holland?

The line of its northern boundary, extended two thousand miles eastward, would pass through Hudson's bay and Labrador; due north of Montreal or Quebec it would pass through a wild waste of unexplored and uninhabitable wilderness. But in Alberta this same parallel of latitude finds a country growing grass seven feet high, and forty bushels of wheat per acre. Why this great difference? Because, west of Manitoba, the isothermal lines make a great turn to the north. Why do they turn to the north? I do not

know, and found no one who does know. What is called the "Chinook," a warm wind, comes into being somewhere north of Idaho or Montana, and sweeping to the north, tempers the climate and enables the rich soil of the Saskatchewan valley to produce luxuriant crops of splendid quantity as well as quality. In a two-hundred-mile drive through Alberta in company with Prof. Wm. Saunders, director-general of Canadian agriculture, the fields of wheat, barley, oats, and other grains, the wild flowers, berries, and nuts which we saw made it hard to realize that we were five hundred miles north of Idaho, on the same parallel of latitude with Hudson's bay.

Edmonton, the capital of this district, is reached by a branch of the Canadian Pacific railway, two hundred miles long, beginning at Calgary, on the main line,

kota, who were dissatisfied with the rigorous climate and drouths of that State, and were seeking new homes a thousand miles to the northwest. A man who in the east has been a mere unit among millions, unnoticed and unknown, feels flattered at the reception accorded him by the western people—people, for the immigration agent is not alone in extending cordial greeting to newcomers. When the main-line train disappeared beyond the western horizon, after dropping me down on that particular portion of the thousand miles of prairie known as Calgary, it was not thirty minutes before the local railway agent, the telegraph operator, the mayor of the town, and the other officials had introduced themselves to me and bid me welcome. There are only two trains a week on the branch road north to Edmonton; the time required to get there made not



NEAR CALGARY.

and running due north. Mr. R. S. Alexander, the Dominion government immigration agent, who meets newcomers at Calgary, is armed with bunches of grass seven feet long, with cabbages four feet in diameter, cucumbers three inches thick, and sundry other agricultural specimens which he exhibits as he takes possession of the prospector, escorts him northward, and fills his ear with stories of the country's wonderful fertility. On the day I journeyed north from Calgary, he had in tow thirty-seven farmers from Da-

unnatural the inference that nothing less than an intention to locate would prompt such a journey, and thus it was that all along the line I received a warm welcome.

For fifty miles north of Calgary the character of the country is similar to that one sees along the Canadian Pacific railway all the way to Manitoba—a rolling, treeless plain. In two hours, however, the train enters a country the soil of which retains a considerable amount of moisture; the grass is green, and one sees herds of cattle, and forests of white spruce and

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LAKE AGNES, NEAR LAFFAN.

brushwood. There are few dwellings, so few that when one is seen, passengers run to the car windows and exclaim, "There's a house!" as sailors exclaim at sight of a ship on the desert ocean. The half dozen "towns" along the line look as though they had been set out the night before—as in fact some of them have been; for the railroad has only been completed two years, and the oldest town dates since the operation of the road. At one place, where most of the "houses" were white tents set up to shelter immigrants just arrived, a pretty girl in the latest New York style, with a ravishing bonnet and dainty lace-trimmed parasol, was on the station platform to greet us. The sight of a rose blooming in the Sahara desert would be no more surprising than the unexpected sight of that girl with the Fifth avenue raiment in that tent town in the Northwest Territory.

The rough life which inevitably removes the outward signs of civilization, may in time even affect one's inner nature; we observed, however, that the depot loungers on this road in Alberta were composed

of a class seldom seen loafing around railway stations in other countries. This for two reasons: there being but two trains a week, when one passes, the entire population turns out to witness the phenomenon. The second reason is that a large per cent. of the settlers are educated Englishmen, younger sons, who, not having money enough to maintain the dignity of their station in England, come to this country, homestead three hundred and twenty acres of land, and lead a life that is rough but independent, and infinitely more agreeable to the average Englishman, imbued with a passion for owning land, than would be a life of work, no matter if light and lucrative, in London. Once, in a rude frontier town, hearing the sweet strain of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" in the hotel parlor adjoining my room, I tipped softly in, expecting to see at the piano a woman with small, white hands; instead, there sat a man booted and spurred, in a blue flannel shirt, around his waist a belt holding two revolvers, on his head a cowboy hat with a leather thong extending down and tied under the

chin. This man, in appearance an uncouth cowboy, in reality an Oxford graduate, said he came to Alberta simply because he preferred the free, if rough, life of a ranchman to the drudgery and confinement that is the inevitable lot of a poor man in England.

Another class of settlers in the British Northwest Territory is composed of what are called "Remittance" Englishmen,—the scapegraces of families of social position. The "Remittance" Englishman does not work; his family are content if he will only keep away from England,—the further away the better, so that the expense of a return ticket will insure against his returning, and care is taken never to remit at one time money enough to enable the exile to purchase a ticket for London. These Remittance settlers are picturesque features of the Territory; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet no cowboy, in all his glory, is arrayed like unto them. In London they were dandies, and wore the highest collars, and carried the biggest canes; in Alberta they wear the broadest-brimmed hats, the highest boots, and carry the most formidable-looking pistols.

The bulk of the settlers are sturdy men, honest in principle, but imbued with little respect for legal technicalities. Last year, after the completion of the railroad, some shrewd fellows from the east, discovering that several of the old settlers, who had come two thousand miles in ox-carts, to get to Edmonton, had omitted certain forms necessary to perfect their titles, made an entry on two or three of the best lots in the town. The old settlers consulted a lawyer.

"The law against us?" said the old

settlers, after the lawyer had given his opinion: "Mebbe so; but we ain't against ourselves!" and they forthwith repaired to the board houses which the eastern men had built on the disputed lots, and gave the enemy just ten minutes to vacate.

"What if we don't go?" said one of the easterners, defiantly.

"Why, then it will be uncomfortable, powerful uncomfortable for you," replied the old settlers, "for at the end of ten minutes we air a-going to dump these houses into the river."

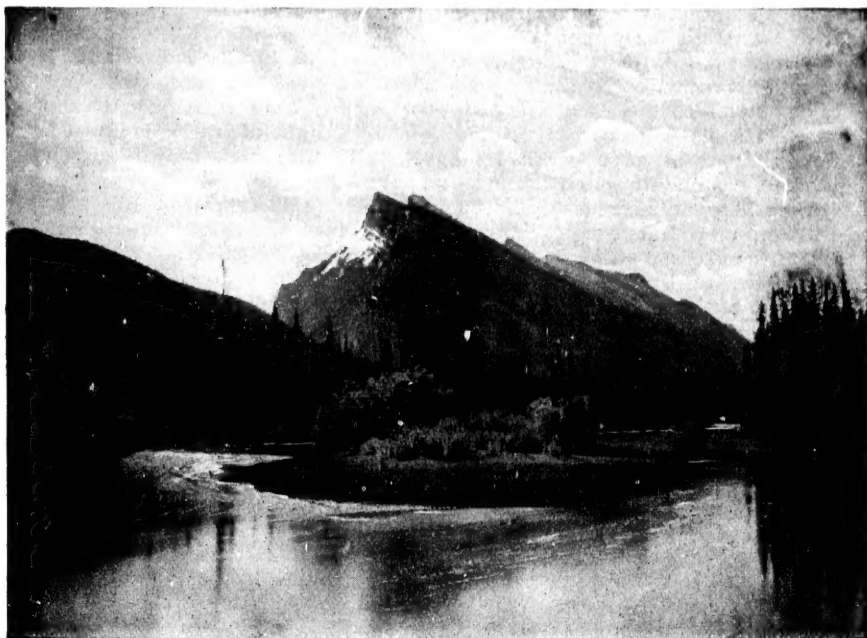
Edmonton's main street runs parallel with the Saskatchewan river, fifty yards from the edge of its bluffs that are nearly three hundred feet high. The lots are between the street and the bluffs; the houses fronted on the street, with their backs overlooking the river. The old settlers were prepared with logs, ropes, and rollers; at the end of the ten minutes they began operations, and half an hour later there was a mighty roar and splash as the frame house toppled over the bluff into the water. A second half-hour sufficed to tumble another house over, and then operations were suspended, for the shrewd easterners, having seen enough to convince them that the climate of Alberta was not favorable to their kind of shrewdness, packed up their portable effects and departed.

It was ten o'clock at night when the railroad journey through this almost virgin country ended. A stage drawn by four horses conveyed the passengers through a dark forest to the Saskatchewan, which was crossed by a ferry tied to a pulley wheel on a wire rope suspended across the river. This curious ferry moved across the water, propelled by the rapid current; then the four horses pulled the stage up a steep, winding road to the summit of the river's bluff, two hundred and fifty feet high, and fifteen minutes later we dashed down a street brilliant with electric lights, and halted in front of the Alberta hotel, conducted by a Corsican, F. Mariaggi, who, when I addressed him in Italian, almost fell upon my neck and embraced me.

"You, Signor," he said, "are the second person in



BLACKFOOT CAMP ON BOW RIVER.



SCENE ON BOW RIVER, NEAR BANFF.

this country to speak to me in my beautiful language."

Italians are not fond of migrating to the far north and I wondered that Signor Mariaggi had found even one of his countrymen bold enough to share his exile in Alberta. When introduced to this solitary Italian settler, I was reminded of the trite saying that, after all, this world of ours is small. Two years ago, when a friend and I rode into Savona, Italy, on bicycles, we were told that wheeling was unlawful, and ordered by a gendarme to dismount; surprised at the order, we set the bicycles against a wall and demanded an explanation. While engaged in discussion with the gendarme, a cavalry officer, riding by, turned to stare at the "Inglesi," with their curious wheels and tourist costumes. This incident was recalled by what happened when Signor Mariaggi introduced me to Count X., the one solitary Italian who had followed the innkeeper's example, and drifted to Edmonton. The count, a dark, handsome man of about thirty, eyed me closely for some moments, in silence, before he said:

"Signor, were you not in Savona, on the Riviera, in December, 1891?"

"Yes, Signor."

"You and a friend arrived on bicycles, —a gendarme made you dismount,—you set your wheels against a wall, non è vero,—is it not so?"

"Yes, certainly; but how the deuce do you know all this?"

"Ah! I was there. I passed on horseback. I turned to look at your wheels and curious attire. You do not remember me; you were busy with the gendarme but I remember you,—ah, yes! for such bicycles, with valises and American riders, are not common in Savona."

When we asked what brought him to the Northwest Territory, the count shrugged his shoulders and breathed a gentle sigh.

"I was commander of the troops at Savona, and Monte Carlo, alas, was too near. I went there evenings after dinner; sometimes I won, but more often I lost, and, ecco! I am here!"

Edmonton, although two hundred miles north of the main line of the Canadian Pacific railway, is older than any town in Alberta; nearly a century ago the Hudson's Bay Company established a fort here; it was made the distributing

point for all that vast region extending north to the Arctic ocean, and the fort expanded into a town long before there was a railroad within a thousand miles. Many new stores have been established, and the Hudson's Bay Company, which for three-quarters of a century had no competitors, has now to go on the principle of small profits and large sales, in order to keep up with its energetic rivals. A visit to the Hudson's Bay Company's old fort, now used as a depot of supplies, gives an idea of the methods of this celebrated company, chartered by Charles II. Wherever its flag floats in the breeze, there are the company's initials—H. B. C.—which the tenderfoot is irreverently informed signifies, "Here before Christ," in allusion to the company's having been in Canada since 1670.

Surrounding the storehouse is a high stockade fence; and in one room are two ancient cannon, that eighty years ago were hauled hither two thousand miles across the country by oxen. These cannon, rusty and old, the wheels and bodies of their carriages rotten and rickety, have seen no service for many years, although, in 1885, at the time of the so-called Riel rebellion, it seemed for a while as if they would once again be needed.

The old blockhouse is now filled with furs, brought from all parts of the north, to be dressed and ready for ship-

ment to England. The hundreds of loopholes, which once were used to pour a deadly fire on hostile Indians attacking the blockhouse, now serve merely as a host of miniature windows, through which the light filters in, making dimly visible the great stacks of rusty, old rifles, relics of the eighteenth century, and the bales of rare and curious furs.

In old times, when an Indian wanted a rifle, the rifle was stood on end, and the Indian laid furs flat on the ground until they were heaped to the top of the gun-barrel; then the Indian took the rifle, worth, possibly, fifty dollars, and the Hudson's Bay Company took the furs, worth from one hundred to one thousand dollars,—the large variation being due to the absence of discrimination on the part of the Indian, who was as likely to have in his lot the hide of a silver fox, worth three hundred dollars, owing to its beauty, scarcity, and demand by a certain rank of the Russian nobility, as he was to have a musk-ox hide, not worth ten dollars. The Indian is not now so unsophisticated; he knows the exact value of the different kinds of furs. At the Hudson's Bay Company posts, on the McKenzie river, actual money is unknown, all the trade being conducted by means of a curious imaginary currency, the unit of value of which is "one skin." What sort of a skin? No one knows; in fact, it is no sort of skin

in particular. It is merely an imaginary skin, about equivalent in value to half a dollar. The hide of a beaver is worth ten skins; a musk-ox hide is worth thirty skins; a fine silver fox hide is worth three hundred skins. These are the big bills of this unique currency.

Small change is made by musk-rat hides, worth one-tenth of a skin; by mink hides, worth two skins; and by lynx hides, worth four skins. A wolverine hide is worth sixteen skins. There is a fluctuation in the value of this currency, just as there is a fluctuation in the value of silver, consequent upon the increase or decrease in its production; but, within limits,



ON THE ROAD TO THE FERRY, EDMONTON.

perhaps no less definite than in the case of silver, the relative value of the skins is as above quoted. Of course, if a skin is imperfect, has holes, is cut, or ragged, a deduction is made, just as a silver dollar with a hole punched on one side will pass for only eighty cents.

Outside of Venice, a man who has never seen a horse is a rarity; and nowadays most people have, at one time or another, seen a steam-engine, while everybody is supposed to have seen money. But in Edmonton I saw a man who, previous to that day, had seen neither of these three

converted into money for his support, at Winnipeg, where he intends to settle. This man, old in years, in experience and knowledge of the world is younger than the veriest child. The journey from Fort McPherson to Edmonton had lasted forty days.

"Captain Bell knows this," said Boilon; "knows that we are only half-way to Winnipeg, yet he says we will arrive there to-morrow."

With this the old man shook his head, as though pained to find his old friend, Captain Bell, guilty of such mendacity;



CALGARY, FROM NORTH OF BOW RIVER.

instruments of civilization. He was Boilon, a half-breed French Indian, born in the north, and for thirty-three years interpreter for the Hudson's Bay Company, at Fort McPherson, on the McKenzie river, near the Arctic circle. The only money Boilon knew was the "skin" money of the north. His salary of four hundred skins was paid in hides, with which he could make purchases at Fort McPherson just as easily as one in New York can buy with gold. In addition to the four hundred skin, he received annually two hundred pounds each of flour and sugar. Beyond Smith Portage there is not a drop of spirituous drink to be had; there are no clubs, no operas, no means of squandering wealth, in consequence of which Mr. Boilon, at the end of his thirty-three years' service, finds himself with several thousand skins, to be

for Boilon was incapable of realizing that the "houses on wheels," as he called the cars, could carry him the second half of his journey in as many hours as the first half had required days. When the train started, his face paled; he clutched the arms of his seat, and finally sat down on the car floor, frightened out of his wits, and declaring he knew that the "house on wheels" was going to shake to pieces.

On first arriving in Alberta, one is apt to fancy the country a trifle to the north. A country that is five hundred miles north of Quebec, in the latitude of Labrador, is *not* in the tropics; yet, only a short stay in Edmonton is necessary to convince the traveler that, if not in the south, he is, at any rate, not very far north. The Hudson's Bay Company officials regard Edmonton as in the far south. Captain

John Bell, captain of the Hudson's Bay Company's McKenzie river steamer, arrived while I was in Edmonton, and gave a hearty laugh on hearing me speak of Alberta as a cold, winter country.

"Why, my boy," said the bluff old captain, "you are in the tropics. The north does not really begin until you reach the end of my beat at Fort McPherson, two thousand miles from here, on the McKenzie river."

The first hundred miles of this long journey is made by wagon to Athabasca landing, where begins a five-hundred-mile ride on the Athabasca river; then comes a portage of eighteen miles; then a long voyage down Slave river to, and through, Slave lake; whence begins the last thousand miles of the journey down the McKenzie river. Captain Bell's sixty-one-ton screw-propeller boat makes but one voyage a year down the McKenzie to Fort McPherson, that last, lonely outpost of the Hudson's Bay Company, within a day's walk of the Arctic circle. Mr. McCauley, the mayor of Edmonton, also proprietor of a livery-stable, in speaking of the six men living at Fort McPherson, said that the place is too lonely for a bachelor, and that all six were married. One of the six held out for many years, but he, too, succumbed, a year ago, under romantic circumstances. He had been

engaged for twelve years to a girl in Scotland.

Captain Bell's steamer goes into winter quarters at Fort Simpson, in latitude sixty-five degrees, where the sun rises about ten o'clock, and sets about two. During the long arctic winter the captain amuses himself stuffing arctic birds, of which he has a rare and interesting collection. His crew hunt deer, fish, cut wood, and kill time as best they can from the middle of August until the following June. Every man is allowed one hundred pounds each of sugar and flour, in addition to wages. The officials at Fort McPherson are allowed five hundred pounds of flour a year per man,—a fairly liberal allowance, considering that in that region flour costs thirty-five to forty cents a pound. Distances are so great, the difficulties of transportation so many, including long portages over rocky ground, that, to carry a pound of freight from Athabasca landing to Fort McPherson costs twenty-two cents. The Indians rarely indulge in the luxury of bread; their diet consists mainly of moose and deer meat. Fifteen Indians will eat a moose in a single night; in the same time eight Indians eat a deer, that is, each man eats from twelve to sixteen pounds of meat within ten hours. They eat until gorged, then sleep, then, in an hour or two, get up and go again to the



SCENE ON WILLOW CREEK, NEAR MCLEOD.

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fleshpot, resume eating until again gorged, then sleep again, and so on until every vestige of the animal is consumed save the hide and bones. The further north the warmer are the summers, owing to the greater length of the days. During the weeks of constant sunshine the Indians bask lazily in the open air; when the long, arctic winter begins they stir themselves, catch fish, deer, and moose, and, when gorged with meat, seem impervious to cold. Some have tepees, tents made of musk-ox hides, the majority, however, wrap themselves in blankets

a strange and interesting country; all vegetation ceases at Good Hope, latitude sixty-six degrees, and from that point on to Fort McPherson, two hundred and eighty miles nearer the north pole, the country is indescribably desolate. The whole vast region is peopled by less than five hundred Indians and Eskimos. At Fort McPherson there is one season when the sun is hidden for four consecutive weeks; during that time light is obtained by burning coal-oil costing one dollar a gallon, and brushwood hauled by Indians from the south. As far north



LAKE LOUISE, NEAR LAFFAN.

and sleep out in the snow, even when the mercury registers sixty degrees below zero.

Except in the case of some Scotch girl going to marry her lover, Captain Bell, on his annual trip to Fort McPherson, seldom has a passenger. When he does have one, the cost of passage, not including meals, is one hundred and thirteen dollars.

From Fort McPherson a trail-path across the mountains leads, in four days, to the Yukon river, the descent of which can be made to the coast in ten days. Thence are steamers to San Francisco. A trip to Alaska via this route takes the traveler through

as Good Hope there is some vegetation; the six weeks of constant summer sun gives out a cumulative heat; there is practically no night to let the earth cool, and potatoes and barley grow rapidly; even wheat has been grown.

The missionaries at Fort Providence, latitude sixty-one degrees, have produced wheat; and in the Peace river valley, seven hundred miles north of Edmonton, (one thousand miles north of Montana), is a large field, growing twenty bushels of wheat to the acre. The Indians, who think themselves fortunate if they can get a little barley to pound with a wooden mallet and eat with moose meat, are, of



NEAR MCLEOD.

course, in clover when they get real bread. Compared with their unsophisticated cousins on the McKenzie river, the Indians in Alberta are quite up to the times. At one of their reservations, twenty miles from Edmonton, I saw trim-looking log-houses, whitewashed and furnished with stoves and culinary utensils. There were tables and chairs; and surrounding the houses were fields of waving grain which the Indians had planted, and which, at the time of our visit, they were just beginning to harvest. While visiting one of these log-houses, Mr. McCauley, Edmonton's mayor, who was driving me, was surprised by a comely squaw stepping forward, and, without the slightest warning, throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed his honor, blushing. "What do you mean?"

The squaw was surprised at the mayor's surprise. "Why," she said, "are you not a missionary?"

This in very good English, gravely, yet with an eye that seemed to twinkle. As I looked first at the blushing face of Edmonton's mayor, then at the Indian with her almost Mongolian features, I came to the conclusion that a woman who cooks on a patented range, lives in a comfortable house, and kisses good-looking men, on the plea of mistaking them for missionaries, is pretty well on the road to civilization, even if she is an Indian.

Although two hundred miles north of Winnipeg, the climate of Edmonton is not so cold in winter nor so hot in summer. At times, during January and February, the two coldest months, the mercury goes forty, and even fifty-seven

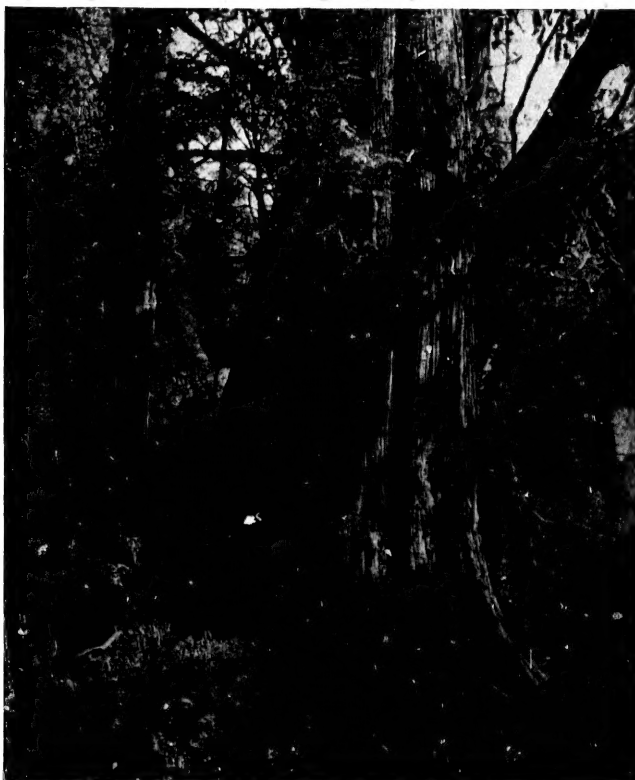
degrees below zero; forty degrees below, however, is the ordinary maximum of cold, and it frequently goes to forty degrees above, even in the dead of winter. There is no month in which there are not more days with the mercury above, than days with the mercury below, zero. In summer, the maximum heat is ninety degrees, and the mean temperature is from seventy to eighty degrees. In the prairie country, two hundred miles to the south, the mercury sometimes registers one hundred and ten degrees in the shade in summer, and sixty-seven degrees below zero in winter—extremes, the discomfort of which is aggravated by fierce winds, that in summer make one feel as though the flames of Hades were sweeping over the earth; and in winter, as if the mercury had dropped out of the thermometer altogether. Being wooded, and sheltered by the Rocky mountains, the Edmonton district is not subject to these fierce winds, and is well adapted to mixed farming. In addition to all sorts of grasses, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, strawberries, and similar small fruits grow well. As yet, large fruits have not prospered, though it is thought not impossible that even these may in time be made to succeed. Professor Saunders has been conducting a series of experiments in grafting, with a view to producing crosses hardy enough to withstand the northwest winters. While we were in Edmonton word was brought that, on one of the trees sent from Ottawa by the professor, an apple had been discovered. The announcement created a sensation. All Edmonton turned out to the yard of Mr. Frank Oliver, where the

apple-tree was planted, and Professor Saunders, accompanied by a photographer, appeared on the scene, for the purpose, not only of gazing himself upon the phenomenon, but of fixing its likeness in indelible photographs to be shown eastern doubters. There was but one apple on the tree, and that one was small and sour; nevertheless, Professor Saunders expressed great satisfaction, "for," said he, "it demonstrates that an apple *can* be grown here, which heretofore has been deemed an impossibility."

The laws of the Northwest Territory are framed at its capital, Regina, a town of two thousand inhabitants, three hundred and fifty-seven miles west of Winnipeg, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific railway. It is a lonely situation; in every direction, as far as the eye can reach, there is a broad, boundless prairie; the traveler, fresh from a superb palace car, with baths, barber-shops, drawing-rooms, and library, when suddenly dumped out on the lonely station platform of Regina, gazes at the transcontinental train as it continues its western way to the ocean, and feels almost as blue as a man who drops into the sea over the poop-rail of a ship and then sees the vessel leave him. The train quickly fades away beyond the western horizon; as you look around at the vast plain about you, you wonder how you could ever get away from so vast a country, if by bad luck the railroad should forget to send more trains in the future.

Parliament house, a neat, one-story, yellow, brick cottage, covered with red shingles, stands out on the prairie a mile from Regina, near the other government buildings, — the In-

dian commissioner's office, the "palace" of the lieutenant-governor, and the headquarters of the mounted police. Outside of the Parliament house I saw half a dozen bicycles, belonging to such of the members as are fond of the wheel, and two or three buggies and saddle-horses belonging to other members who prefer the old methods of locomotion. That the majority of the members cared neither for the wheels nor horses, preferring the oldest of all methods of locomotion, walking, was evident from the fact that the horses, buggies, and bicycles, all put together, were not enough to accommodate a dozen persons, while the Parliament of the Northwest Territory consists of twenty-six members. These twenty-six men, who are allowed five hundred dollars and mileage expenses each annual session, frame laws for a territory greater in area than half of Europe. While all seemed fairly able and intelligent, only one or two members



BIG TREE IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER.

appeared really conversant with parliamentary rules. When these one or two attempted to put their knowledge to use, they were promptly suppressed.

"Oh, we won't bother about that," said the speaker, when told that, before proceeding in a certain matter, it would be necessary to move a suspension of the rules, "That's all right; everybody knows we want to vote on this matter: what is the use wasting time voting to suspend the rules?"

With which he proceeded to put the motion. The subjects occupying these twenty-six men, legislating for a territory with enough land to make a dozen empires of Germany, were matters pertaining to hunting game, to building fires on prairies or in forests, to granting franchises for electric street-cars in Edmonton, and to investigating the conduct of the territory's commissioners to the World's Fair at Chicago. The acts of the liliputian Parliament may be vetoed by the Dominion government at Ottawa, the veto being expressed by the lieutenant-governor at Regina; but the veto must be expressed within a year, otherwise the tentative nature of the act ceases, and it becomes final, repealable only by the body that created it. On the day of my visit, the hottest discussion was in regard to the game regulation forbidding non-residents to hunt without a permit from the lieutenant-governor. Some of the members said that if their visitors were not allowed to hunt without a permit from the lieutenant-governor, they could not hunt at all, inasmuch as their stay in the country might be ended, possibly months, by time one could write to

Regina and receive an answer. A year would elapse before the lieutenant-governor could send a permit to persons in the McKenzie river district.

To carry into effect the laws enacted by the little Parliament, there is, in addition to the law-abiding spirit of the people, a body of one thousand men called the mounted police,—stalwart fellows in the usual uniform of an English soldier—flaming red coat, tight trousers, and a hat about the size of a pill-box. These men receive board and clothing, and forty cents a day the first year of their service, with each additional year the per diem is increased five cents. At first thought, one thousand men seem entirely inadequate to preserve peace in a territory two-thirds as large as all Europe; in reality, however, they appear quite competent to perform the task assigned them. The vast area over which they preside contains not more than eighty thousand souls. The mounted police are quick, bold, daring; though few in number, they are constantly on the trains, at the station, on horseback, moving from point to point, seeming almost omnipresent, and so holding in check the lawless characters who drift to the west.

With millions of acres of land to be had almost for the asking, in Manitoba and the Northwest Territory, with good government, with a soil producing twenty to forty bushels of wheat to the acre, it is no wonder the completion of a railroad into this region resulted immediately in a stream of immigration that is swelling into a mighty river, and that is inevitably destined to make of the Northwest one of the world's greatest granaries.



INDIAN FAMILY AT CALGARY.